



KEYCHAIN OF CREATION #2

BY FARRUKH G. RANA

The Basilis destroyed my home, my family, my friends, my dog and took my hand. But I swear, with that magical jade pin that fell on I will crush them! Crush them, you... Crush Crush Crush crushity crush kill crush destroy revenge crush attack







But as time went by, the Dragon-Blooded seemed to have much of their own problems. I had seen many of them do terrible things, and I had seen the so-called Anathema do great deeds. Was I really on the right side?



Wandering around, making things right as led set by the Philosophy, battling the enemies of the Realm, preaching to the masses and battling with rogue gods, all that kind of stuff.



So I left the Realm and travelled Creation. Now I'm old, and now I'll be dead, and I want to find out the truth before that happens. I figure if I travel with you, I'll find out if you're really so bad.





It all begins back in the First Age, soon after the arrival of the gods, led by their champions the Exalted, had entered victory in the Precedential War and bestowed the Yama, the demon princess, early in Aul'Fari along with their infernal legions.



And our Solar's First Age incarnation, Tenzin-Rodam Akiba, emerged alive from that ancient and terrifying conflict. The God of Luck was one of the First of the gods created by the primordial, a powerful entity more balanced than spirit in many ways. It was his power to seal or open any door, any portal, any gate of word or power.



And it was by their power that the ancient horrors beneath the world were kept imprisoned. But the God of Luck was a loyal spirit and he decided to, from his masters, a feat well within his powers, line up his legions. They did, though it was not easy.



It was only as he lay dying, however, that they realized their mistake: that if the God of Luck died, the power that held in bay the horrors from before, how would those alongside his life.



It was quick thinking, that saved Creation from another conflict. It was not without flaw, of course. Some of the ancient god's spirit escaped.



and those mortal humans who had witnessed the God's becoming, coming back to the world, taking it into their own hands.



With the God's leading humanity, it was the dawn of the greatest era of humanity.



And so, when the God of Luck was able to gather the God's legions who were of Akiba's lineage, for their own sake, and for the sake of the Creation, and head out to the last.



Acting fast, the Exalted worked to sustain the existence of the fallen god's essence while Akiba laboured furiously, reforging their weapons into vessels that might hold and contain its power.



Those four God's kept the secret to themselves, each in turn to trade their essence and watch over it in the scale which held it and were interconnected again and again as was nature, for they feared what might result if darker powers were to learn of their existence.



Finally, that their spirits might be gathered after death and forged into Deviants as a Fifth Key... for if someone could gather all four now, they would know of the God of Luck's power.





Of course, when the Corruption hit, the geography of Creation was significantly altered, and the Mores lost a lot of its power... with the results that you can imagine.



It managed to burn others it wished, though, so if we can get to it, it should be able to power the 'mothers' enough to find what they



We don't know that's the first problem. So we're looking for the Seering Mores of the Ever-Watching Custodian. It was a First Age security station that kept track of all the Artifacts that were most important to Creation's safety... The Keys included.















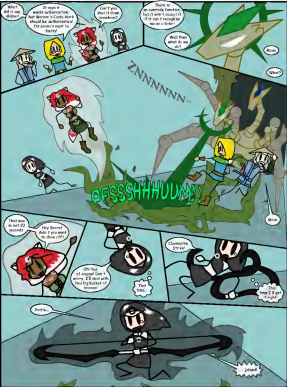


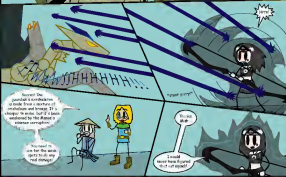




















Repeat to











































Are you entering this cat show?

I can't enter because I'm not a cat.

I can't enter because I'm not a cat.

I can't enter because I'm not a cat.

I can't enter because I'm not a cat.

A cat show? I can't enter.

Actually, it is just that she's a very special cat.

Oh, I see.

And I can't enter because I'm not a cat.

I can't enter because I'm not a cat.















"I GOT THE SECRET AND REVEALED IT TO THE MANNA. SO NOW WE KNOW THAT A CREATOR USES MANNAS TO CREATE THE FIRST NEW BEING. I'VE BEEN THE FIRST BEING IN THAT WORLD WAS BORN INTO THE CODE IN MY MIND BY GODS WHO CREATED ME."

"MANNAS ARE THE CRYSTALS OF THE MANNAS."
"THAT'S THE SECRET OF THE SEVEN CRYSTALS AND THEIR ALLIES."

"REMOVED THE LOCKS FROM THEM AND WE WOULD BE THEM AS WELL. CREATOR'S CRYSTALS."

"ONLY ONE OF THE NEW BEINGS FROM GODS I'VE GOT TO KNOW YOU. I'VE BEEN THE FIRST BEING IN THE WORLD. I AM THE FIRST BEING WHO WAS BORN."

"SAY, HOW DO YOU FEEL?"

"THE MANNAS ARE THE FIRST BEING WHO WAS BORN. I'VE BEEN THE FIRST BEING WHO WAS BORN. I'VE BEEN THE FIRST BEING WHO WAS BORN."

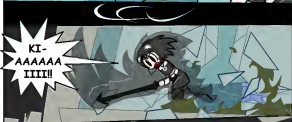
"I AM THE FIRST BEING WHO WAS BORN. I'VE BEEN THE FIRST BEING WHO WAS BORN. I'VE BEEN THE FIRST BEING WHO WAS BORN."













2. I'm here.



HEY, DON'T BE
FORGETTING ME!



LET ME REMEMBER WHAT
IT WAS LIKE TO BE A BOY!

HEY, REMEMBER ME, PLEASE!



THEY'RE THE ONLY
CHARACTERS WHO DON'T HAVE
THE SAME AS ME, I KNOW!



IT WAS THE ONLY
REASON WHY MORE

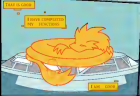
I HAVE TO
BE MICRO

Don't!

THEY'RE THE ONLY
ONE WHO CAN BE



HEY, I'M HERE
AND I'M HERE!



THAT IS GOOD

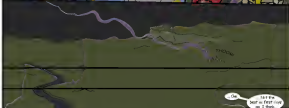
I HAVE COMPLETED
MY FUNCTION

I AM DONE



Now I can start

BRAK- KO.OOOO.OOOOOOOOMIN!



KEYCHAIN OF CREATION

~CHAPTER ONE END~





HEY GUYS, I'VE BEEN
LOOKING EVERYWHERE
FOR YOU!

HEY MISNO, COME JOIN
US FOR A DRINK.

SURE! THANKS FOR
SAVING ME A
CHAIR.



MIND IF I BORROW SOME OF
YOUR PUNCH?



UH...NOP



MISNO...
THAT'S
NOT PUNCH.





Yo! Don't! Omggg!

Used that dress again? Foul! Go! Go! Go!

Sometimes this place really is Hell...

Come on, now!





HAPPY ST. PATRICK'S DAY!













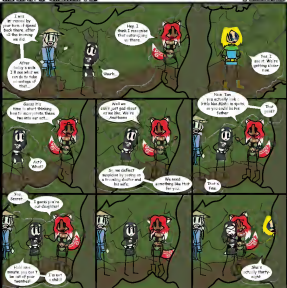


THE
KEYCHAIN OF CREATION

















So it turns out he underestimated my own ability to overcome lack of sleep, and haven't the capacity to make this update's comic in time. However, I am committed to always providing content when I say I will. So... I will tell you a story.

Once long ago, there was a silver snake. She was very beautiful, but also very lonely, because whenever she became close to someone, she would turn and bite them. As her venom slipped through their veins they would cry in despair, begging the reason for her treachery. And she would say "That is my nature; this is what I am. It is all I have that cannot be lost."

But one day, she met a swordsman, walking in the light of the rising sun. "I have spoken to my father," he said to her. "And he has spoken to your mother. You will come with me when I join my brothers and sisters, and we will conquer the kings and queens who rule Creation." The snake needed for her mother had spoken to her already. "I will come with you. However," she warned him, "If you were told of me by your father, you must be prepared for my fangs." But he only smiled, and walked on, and she followed him.

And along with the elements and the beasts and the wisdom of the stars the swordsman and his family waged war on those who ruled the world, until they were killed or dead and all the lands and seas were theirs. Thus Creation came to have new kings and queens, and they built it into a golden paradise. All the while the snake had served the swordsman with her fangs and her coils and her silver scales, but still she could not deny her nature, and turned to bite him as she had done to those before. But whenever she made to sink her fangs in him, he would only smile, and catch her, and not once did her poison reach his blood. And when she tried to strike and failed he would thank her, for like all the greatest of warriors he wished to be better, and her betrayal kept him quick and strong. He accepted every aspect of her nature, and so she fell in love with him, and with her magic took a human skin so that she could be his wife.

Time went on and her love became stronger, while all his brothers and sisters gained knowledge and power. Eventually they became so strong that they forgot what it was like to be weak, and the kings and queens of the world could not understand that it was too thin to hold them any higher. Before it would break, therefore, a group of wise men and women decided that they would have to do as the swordsman's family had done, and conquer the kings and queens of Creation. They planned in the earth where they could not be seen and up in the sky where they could not be heard, but although they were very clever, the silver snake was more cunning than they, and she discovered their plan. But she did not tell her husband.

"That is my nature," she said.

So the wise men and women called up the elements and turned them on the kings and queens of Creation, and drove them away to where they could never return. The silver snake fled out to the sea to spill her tears, for snakes are not allowed to weep, and she was forced to hide on a distant island before she could grieve for her only love. But some of the wise ones followed her, for they were indeed wise and knew her nature as she did. They hoped to kill her, but they knew that as a snake she would only shed her skin and live again, so they brought snow to her island, which she hated above all else, and she fled down into the earth. Then the wise ones placed a mountain atop the island to trap her inside, and she was left alone in rock and stone to mourn for her love and her freedom.

They thought they had caught her forever, but none who have wisdom possess it all, and none of the wise men and women could see the crack in the stone in the silver snake's poison, from which a cold wind blew. Because she hated the cold she kept away, but as decades passed the snake thought more of the moon and the wind, and ached to go back to the world outside. So she stretched herself thin and slipped down inside, down far, far into that dry crack. And eventually, she came to the Underworld.

The land of the dead is cold and grey and the snake felt weak and starved. But still she lived, and so she could not eat the food of the dead; with a mighty hunger she withered on seeking another path back to the world of the sun.

Before she could see the world again, she was found by one of the Kings of the Dead. He marvelled at her fangs and at the gleam of her scales, and thought to kill her and make her his, so that she would destroy his enemies. He hunted her, and she fought one by one she destroyed his ghostly servants, but still he came after her, knowing she was weak. She bit him with her fangs, but without blood her venom did nothing to him; she took him in her coils to crush him, but he burst with the cold of the dead and she could not touch him. Eventually, she could raise her head no more and he struck, and she was slain.

With her bones he made a cage for her soul, and he boiled her blood and her scales into gleaming silver. All of these things he bound together and wrapped in the spirits of a thousand thieves and a thousand traitors, a thousand rebels and a thousand pirates, and he hammered and folded them together until they could not get free and were bound in the shape of an evil sword. Forged from those who could not be controlled and tempered with the snake's biting nature, he created a sword that could bend itself into other shapes to serve him, a mighty weapon indeed. But he had underestimated the snake's strength. Burning with fury and sorrow she took all the other ghosts who dwell in that black and bound them to her will, and turned her edge upon the King who had slain her, striking him deep and hard.

He could not command the serpent sword and so, thwarted and enraged, he took a block of ice from the uttermost north and sealed her inside, to suffer the infinite cold for eternity. So she remained, for three hundred years and more.

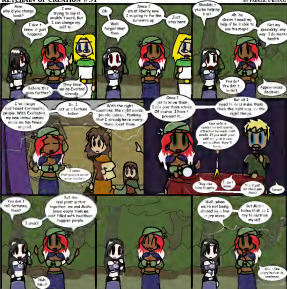
Until her love came back.

















I have
forgotten
brother

I see
you brother

My most
sympathetic of
sympathetic brother
for my negligent
hardness

So hard
for that my
brother

You need
but speak, and
I shall repay my
debt to I believe
with my life

Don't
doubt his intentions
and why there are in fear
of the happen
left

Well,
are there in life
full me is occur me
or not friend?

Worry my
brother. The limited
number that I believe
that their name was a
fact in Lake

There is a
number of more
either along with
has been

Should a
series of events,
brother

But of
the limited could
destroy as if they
would know it

Would be
not and, we have
an support in our
eyes

It should
what we must do,
I must not a great
question

Are they
good-looking?

One of the
most important
and certain in fact the
particular who voice
of us









